

71  
THE  
LAIRD of LOGIE,  
AN  
OLD SONG.

To which are added,

*Lord Thomas and fair Annet,*

AND  
SHORT REPOSE.



Entered according to Order



## THE LAIRD OF LOGIE.

**T**HE young laird of Logie is to prison cast,  
Carmichael's the keeper of the key, (sick,  
Lady Marg'ret the Queen's confin, is very very  
and it's all for the love of young Logie.

She's in to the Queen's chamber gone,  
she has kneel'd low down on her knee:  
Says, you must go to the King yourself,  
it's all for a pardon to young Logie.

The Queen is into the King's chamber gone,  
she has kneel'd low down on her knee:  
O what is the matter my gracious Queen?  
and what means all this courtesie?

Have not I made thee Queen of fair Scotland?  
the Queen of England I trow you be;  
Have not I made thee my wedded wife?  
then what needs all this courtesie?

You have made me Queen of Scotland,  
the Queen of England I surely be;  
Since you have made me your wedded wife,  
will you grant a pardon for young Logie.

The King turn'd him right and round about,  
I think an angry man was he;  
The morrow before it is twelve o'clock,  
O hang'd shall the laird of Logie be.

The Queen she's into her own chamber gone,  
amongst her Mary's so frank and free, (says,  
Ye may weep, you may weep, Lady Marg'ret she  
for hang'd must the laird of Logie be,

She has tore her filken scarf and hood,  
 and so has she her yellow hair;  
 Now fare you well both King and Queen,  
 and adieu to Scotland for ever mair!

She has put off her gown of silk,  
 and so has she her gay cloathing,  
 Go fetch me a knife and I'll kill myself,  
 since the laird of Logie is not mine.

Then out bespoke our gracious Queen,  
 and she spoke words most tenderlie,  
 Now hold your hand, Lady Marg'ret, she said,  
 and I'll try to set young Logie free.

She is up to the King's chamber gone,  
 and among his nobles so free;  
 hold away, hold away, says our gracious King,  
 no more of your pardons for young Logie.

Had you but ask'd me for houses and land,  
 I would have given you castles three;  
 Or any thing else shall be at your command,  
 but only a pardon for young Logie.

Hold your hand now my Sovereign Leige,  
 and of your anger let it be;  
 For the innocent blood of Lady Marg'ret,  
 it will rest on the head of thee and me.

The King and Queen are gone to their bed,  
 but as he was sleeping so quietly;  
 She has stole the keys from below his head,  
 and has sent to set young Logie free.

Young Logie he's on horse back got,  
 of chains and fetters he's got free;  
 As he pass by the King's window,  
 there he has fired voll ies three.



The King he awak'ned out of his sleep,  
 out of his bed came hastily,  
 Says, I'll lay all my lands and rents,  
 that yonder's the laird of Logie free.

The King has sent to the prison strong,  
 he has call'd for his keepers three:  
 Says, How does all your prisoners?  
 and how does the young laird of Logie?

Your Majesty sent me your wedding-ring,  
 with your high command to set him free;  
 Then to morrow before that I eat or drink,  
 I surely will hang you keepers three.

Then out bespoke our gracious Queen,  
 and she spoke words most tenderlie,  
 If ever you do hang a man for this,  
 your Majesty must begin with me.

The one took shipping at the Peer of Leith,  
 the other at the Queen's Ferrie;  
 Lady Marg'ret has gotten the man she loves,  
 I mean the young laird of Logie.

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### LORD THOMAS and FAIR ANNET.

**L**ORD Thomas and fair Lady Annet,  
 sat a' day on a hill,  
 When night was come and sun was set,  
 they had not talk'd their fill.

Lord Thomas spoke a word in jest,  
 fair Annet took it ill,  
 'Tis I will never wed a wife  
 against my ain friends will.



71 If ye will never wed a wife,  
a wife will ne'er wed ye;  
So he is hame to tell his mother,  
and kneel'd down on his knee.

Advise, advite me, mother, he says,  
a good advice give me,  
O shall I take the nut-brown maid,  
and let fair Annet be?

The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,  
fair Annet she has nane,  
And the little beauty fair Annet has,  
O it will soon be gane.

And he has till his brother gane,  
brother advise ye me,  
Shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
and let fair Annet be?

The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,  
the nut-brown bride has kye;  
I advise you marry the nut-brown bride,  
and cast fair Annet by.

Her oxen may die in the house Billy,  
and her kine into the byre,  
And I shall have nothing to myself,  
but a fat fadge by the fire.

And he's away to his sister gane,  
sister advise ye me,  
O shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
and let fair Annet free?

I advise you take fair Annet, Thomas,  
and let the brown bride alane.  
Lest you should sigh and say alas!  
what is this we brought hame?

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Now I will take my mother's counsel,  
and marry her out of hand,  
And I will take the nut-brown bride,  
fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father,  
two hours or it was day,  
And he is gone into the bower,  
wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,  
put on your silken shoon,  
Let us go to Saint Mary's Kirk,  
and see that rich wedding

My maids go to my dressing room,  
and dress to me my hair,  
Where ever ye laid a plait before  
see ye lay ten times mair.

My maids go to my dressing room,  
and dress to me my smock,  
The half is of the holland fine,  
the other of needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rode upon,  
he an blit like the wind;  
With silver he was shod before,  
with burning gold behind.

Four and twenty silver bells,  
were tied to his mane,  
With one blast of the Norland wind,  
they tinkled one by one.

Four and twenty gay good knights,  
rode by fair Annet's side,  
And four and twenty gay ladies,  
as if she had been a bride.

And when she came to Mary's Kirk,  
 she sat on Mary's stane,  
 The clothes that fair Annet had on,  
 they glanced in their een

And when she came into the Kirk,  
 the skimer'd like the sun,  
 The belt that was about her waist,  
 was set with pearls round.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,  
 and her een they were so clear,  
 Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,  
 when fair Annet was near.

He had a rose into his hand,  
 he gave it kisses three,  
 And reaching by the nut-brown bride,  
 laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spake the nut-brown bride,  
 - she spake with meikle spite.  
 Where did you get that rose water,  
 that washes you so white?

O I did get the rose water.  
 where ye will ne'er get nane,  
 For I did get that rose water  
 into my mother's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,  
 frae out her gay head gear,  
 And struck fair Annet to the heart,  
 that a word spake never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,  
 and marvel'd what might be,  
 But when he saw her dear heart's blood,  
 in great wrath waxed he.



He drew a dagger that was sharp,  
 that was as sharp as meek,  
 And drove it into the brow'd bride's heart,  
 who fell dead at his feet.

O stay for me, fair Annet, he said,  
 now stay my dear, he cry'd;  
 Then struck the dagger into his side,  
 and fell down by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without the Kirk,  
 fair Annet within the Quire,  
 And on the one there sprang a birk,  
 on the other a bonny brier.

And ay they grew and ay they threw,  
 as if they'd fain been near,  
 And by this ye might know right well,  
 they were two lovers dear.

✱-✱-✱-✱-✱-(✱)-✱-✱-✱-✱-✱

### SHORT REPOSE.

**B**LOW on ye winds, descend soft rain,  
 to soothe my tender woes;  
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,  
 and gives me short repose.

The sun that makes all nature gay,  
 disturbs my weary'd eyes  
 And in dark shades I waste the day,  
 where echo sleeping lies.

Then pity me, O gentle lover,  
 and come to my relief,  
 Let innocence and virtue prove,  
 a sacrifice to grief.

F I N I S.

